



Action Plan Submission Form

I. Your Logline/Information

Please state the logline of the project you are submitting. (A logline is a brief summary of your book's plot and includes the emotional "hook" to stimulate interest. Loglines are usually 2-3 sentences in length. You may use this formula as a guideline: NAME OF SCREEN STORY is a GENRE about NAME OF PROTAGONIST, AGE, ONE OR TWO VIVID WORD DESCRIBING THE CHARACTER who wants HIS/HER IMMEDIATE GOAL. When THE INCITING INCIDENT happens and ONE MAJOR PLOT POINT, he/she goes on a journey to ACCOMPLISH GOAL and discover/realize/find THEME.)

***"Jimmy Hoffa Is Missing-THE GAP" Teamster president Jimmy Hoffa disappeared on July 30, 1975. There were 6 eyewitnesses that came forward saying they saw Hoffa outside the Macus Red Fox restaurant. That was all the FBI had to go on for decades-Till now! A Long-Held Family Secret exposes 2 more actual eyewitnesses AFTER Hoffa was abducted from the Machus Red Fox.
(Not just hearsay-Actual video by 1 of the eyewitnesses on YouTube)***

Is this project based on a True Story? Yes/No

YES

What genre is your book?

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Children's | <input type="checkbox"/> Self-Help |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Young Adult | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Mystery |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Religious | <input type="checkbox"/> Romance |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Non-Fiction Memoir | <input type="checkbox"/> Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Science Fiction | <input type="checkbox"/> Western |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fantasy | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Narrative Nonfiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Comedy | <input type="checkbox"/> Historical Fiction |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Thriller | <input type="checkbox"/> Horror |

(Organized Crime, unsolved mystery, historical news, Detroit Mafia, Teamster Union).

In which of the following categories do you envision your project being adapted (if you are unsure, mark multiple)?

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Drama | <input type="checkbox"/> Scripted TV Drama |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Comedy | <input type="checkbox"/> Scripted TV Comedy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Action/tentpole | <input type="checkbox"/> Reality (Unscripted) TV |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Thriller | <input type="checkbox"/> Web Series |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Horror | <input type="checkbox"/> Branded Entertainment/Transmedia |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Feature Family | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other: Documentary/True Crime Story |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Studio Feature (WB, Universal, Disney, Sony, etc...) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Indie Feature (Sundance, Cannes, Toronto, etc...) | <input type="checkbox"/> |

II. Your Synopsis:

Please include a 1-3 page summary of your project including the beginning, middle, and end of your story. (Hint: If you need more than 3 pages then you're not doing it right.)

On July 30, 1975, between 2:00 and 2:45 pm, former Teamster President, James Riddle Hoffa was seen at the Machus Red Fox restaurant in Bloomfield Township, Michigan. At about 2:45 pm he was identified as being seated behind the driver of a 1975 Maroon-colored Mercury Marquis Brougham never to be seen again.

*Two days later August 1st, the first headlines read "**Jimmy Hoffa Is Missing**" in the Detroit Free Press-Metro Edition. The tagline was '**LAST SEEN OUTSIDE RESTAURANT.**'*

This would be all the authorities would have to go on for the next several decades and become the FBI's most notorious unsolved mystery of all time. The Detroit mafia had no idea they would be hampered by all the constant publicity about the hit, and a mob insider most recently stated "We should have just shot him in a drive-by and left it at that."

The Bloomfield Township police, and the Oakland County Sheriffs had just six eyewitnesses that saw Jimmy Hoffa at the Red Fox that day. The last one to see him was a delivery truck driver who had to pull over and stop as it entered the side driveway of the restaurant because a Maroon Mercury Marquis had swerved and almost collided with his truck as the Mercury was leaving the restaurant. The truck driver, a union member, instantly recognized Hoffa as the one seated behind the driver and having words or some sort of disagreement with the driver of the car.

The delivery truck driver saw three other men in the car with Hoffa. Two men were in front, and one was seated to the right of Mr. Hoffa in the back, Hoffa sat closest to the witness behind the driver of the Mercury. A grey blanket lay on the seat between Mr. Hoffa and the other man in the back seat. He also noticed sticking out from the blanket was the muzzle of a shotgun. The car then swerved out from the East side driveway of the Red Fox and headed Southbound onto Telegraph Road.

It would have been monumental if somebody else had witnessed anything more which would lead authorities to the perpetrators and helped to resolve the unsolved mystery about what happened next.

Fortunately, there were.

Unfortunately, the Tubmans decided to remain silent, but for good reasons as the book outlines.

Kenneth and Frances Tubman were on the way to their daughter, Helen's home in Westland, Michigan for a two-night camping trip to Brighton Recreation Center, a lake North of Detroit. The book's author is their son, David Tubman, who lived with them at the time in a rented townhome on Woodward Avenue and about 15-1/2 Mile-Road in Bloomfield Township. Their usual route of travel was to take Maple Road over to Telegraph Road and then head South toward NW Detroit. It was about an hour and twenty-minute drive. Ken drove in the fast lane (Telegraph had four lanes in each direction) with Frances seated in the front-right passenger seat.

It was a warm Wednesday afternoon and at approximately 2:45 pm they passed by the East side of the Red Fox restaurant. Frances couldn't help but notice when a large maroon car swerved out from the driveway and quickly pulled up tightly to the rear bumper of the Tubman's car in the same lane. Just moments later the Maroon Mercury pulled up alongside the Tubman car and drove at the same rate of speed within a couple of feet away from them. As Ken drove their car, he glanced over and recognized the driver of the Mercury was the notorious Chuckie O'Brien, Hoffa's foster son.

Meanwhile, the driver, (O'Brien), was glaring back and forth at the Tubman's car and stared intently directly at Frances. She looked back at him, and her eyes were then drawn to lots of 'activity' going on in the back seat. There were two large men wearing suits who were violently flailing their arms. The man closest to her held a strap or rope in his hand and both men had their knees jammed high up into their chests, seemingly trying to force a 'dog or something' down on the floorboards of the rear seat.

Kenneth saw that Frances was having a full-on staring contest with Chuckie and told her: "Frances! Quit looking, that's the Mafia!" He knew who the mafia was because of his career in the restaurant business and all the years he managed Darby's restaurant in Detroit (1960-1968). Once Ken mentioned "The Mafia", Frances said she couldn't help but look back at the driver and study those two men in the rear seat. The movie "The Godfather" had just come out in 1972 and was fresh in her mind, I'm sure.

The Mercury briefly drifted back in the lane and then once again pulled up within feet and pacing at the same speed. O'Brien was still glaring at Frances and the Tubman's car, the two men in the back still forcing something down in the back, and Frances couldn't help but stare back. She described the driver as short, stocky, and with a round face with long sideburns. He wore a white shirt with no tie or coat and the shirt collar came up high onto his neck.

Kenneth emphatically insisted "Frances-Stop looking! That's Chuckie O'Brien! It's the Mafia! Do you want to end up in the Detroit River?" Frances replied- "Ken! They've got a dog or something they are holding down there in the back seat."

Hoffa was not visible during the five-mile drive, which lasted between 12-15 minutes the two cars drove together. Then Ken slowed down a bit and allowed the Mercury to go ahead of him and it sped up and pulled over into the same lane.

As the two cars neared 10-Mile Road, The Mercury made a left turn into and behind a well-known banquet hall and restaurant called The Raleigh House, located at 25300 Telegraph Road in Southfield, which is just North of Detroit city limits.

Kenneth and Frances had slowed down out of curiosity. They both looked toward the Raleigh House and noticed the car had parked and was sticking out about 2/3 of the car length behind the Southeast, rear corner of the building. Oddly, there was also a Central Sanitation garbage truck, which was already parked as though it had been waiting for the Mercury and the driver seated behind the wheel. It was close in proximity to the car where it stopped but facing Telegraph.

The Tubmans went on their way to Helen's. They were not feeling threatened but wondering what was happening. They couldn't figure out why Chuckie O'Brien was staring at them, and those two men were jumping around in the back seat.

Ironically, my father was hired by Sammy Lieberman, one of the owners of the Raleigh House, in 1974, about a year before. The Raleigh House was a banquet hall and restaurant and, like Darby's, had a large, Jewish clientele and offered Kosher-style dining. Dad had been out of work for over a year and was desperate for work when he was hired by Sammy Lieberman to manage the restaurant and newly remodeled kitchen. His Kosher food preparation experience at Darby's obviously impressed Sammy and he was hired instantly.

He visited the restaurant with my mother because he was so proud that at 61, he still had what it took to run such a place as The Raleigh House. He wanted to impress my mother and took her on a tour of the restaurant and kitchen and they both had lunch. While there, he learned the Raleigh House was run by the Jewish Mafia and he decided to quit just one day before his starting date.

Ken had left Darby's in mid-1968 because his car was wired to explode when he had started the car. Fortunately, the fuse had fallen out from the gas tank and the hit failed. Darby's was later burnt down in July of 1968, and it was strongly suspected to have been caused by arson. (Details in the book). Darby's was also well known to be affiliated with the former Purple Gang, aka: "The Jewish Mafia".

The book is arranged in chronological order of the events as they occurred. The back story, or brief bio, introduces who Ken and Frances were, then quickly transitions into what the Tubmans observed on July 30, 1975. It's important to know a little about these eyewitnesses to lend believability and make their observations credible.

An eyewitness video is linked in the book as a first-hand account of the events as shared by Frances Tubman (The author and son recorded the video in June of 2009). Even after 34 years, and at the age of 92, Frances gives a compelling recount of that day's events.

"THE GAP"

After the eyewitness account is revealed, the book dissects "THE GAP." The gap is the 60-90 minutes that Chuckie O'Brien could never account for to the FBI. In these chapters, several elements of Chuckie's alibi are challenged with other known facts. Some were already known to the FBI and other investigative journalists. However, the author measures all other evidence against the Tubman eyewitness account.

This unique perspective as the son of the only two additional eyewitnesses to the events that afternoon, the book sheds new light on much of the known facts and by the end of the book, one is compelled to believe the presentation and the closing opinions of the author.

The evidence is not prosecutable and circumstantial at best. However, if the reader closely follows the timelines, the maps, the images, and the facts as they are presented throughout the book,

they will be convinced the mystery has logically and finally been solved. The case made by the book is conclusive and it is likely that no further evidence, nor will the remains of Jimmy Hoffa ever be found.

The purpose of writing the book was in response to the death of Chuckie O'Brien in February 2020. He had 46 years to come clean for the sake of the Hoffa family. However, he never did admit that Jimmy Hoffa was in the car he admitted to driving all day on July 30, 1975. O'Brien died without a deathbed confession and left a hole in the hearts of the Hoffa children.

I determined to put the information out to the public to refute the many other rabbit trails like the movie "The Irishman" (Sep 2019), and the book by Chuckie O'Brien's stepson, Jack Goldsmith "In Hoffa's Shadow" (Sep 2019), that refutes the FBI evidence about O'Brien driving the Mercury with Hoffa seated behind him. Even the original reporters and Hoffa experts claim they know all and are reluctant to accept anything they had not already heard as hearsay from mobsters and FBI agents.

Fact is, they were not there, and nobody claims to have been there among the players in the abduction. That makes much of their stories as being mere 'hearsay'. I believe eyewitness accounts should hold more weight than hearsay. Especially when there's no inherent motive for gain and fame. Some appear serious and sincere, but in the end, they see something to gain from claiming to know it all, or they make idle claims they killed Hoffa.

This is not the case with the Tubmans. These eyewitnesses have since passed, but their legacy had continued in their son, who has become their mouthpiece when they didn't know how to reveal what they saw.

The FBI was first given the story by Frances in 2006. A few years later when I contacted Barbara Ann Crancer (Hoffa's daughter), and discovered they never passed the story along to the Hoffa family as they had promised, I started my research (2009). So, when the concept of a book arose in March of 2020, all I had to do was sort out the amassed information. It only took 3 months to collect all the years of research I had conducted. When mom passed in 2011, I wondered what should I do with the story "Do I also let it die, along with my parents? I decided to intensify my research and see what else I could find that matched what they saw.

Out of compassion for the Hoffa family, I dedicated the book to them. I sent each a paperback and received a handwritten response dated August 10, 2020, expressing their dismay that no death-bed confession had been left behind, (by O'Brien), and they thanked me for the books. Their personal letter made the expense and efforts of the book worthwhile.

I never sought to amass book sales or profit and have even offered free copies to anyone who was sincere in wanting to know what really happened to James Riddle Hoffa. The book's Facebook page gives much of the information presented in the book itself.

The main purpose remains to simply present the news in contrast to the hype and exploitation of Hoffa's demise for the sheer sake of keeping the mystery going and the pockets lined of the book writers, movie makers, and mobsters that say they know what really happened to Jimmy Hoffa.

BEYOND THE BOOK:

Since the book's publishing on July 30, 2020, several people have contacted the author with new and critical information adding to the credibility of the Tubman account. Some can be shared and some cannot and are confidential, for the obvious protection and safety of the information sources.

1)-BOOK LINK in PDF format: (Attached to submittal form)

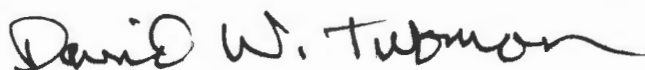
2)-The eyewitness video is made available free at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qd-uyr3B4x0>

3)-Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/JHIMTG>

4)-A new media channel is being started (June 2022) YouTube + other media channels.

Channel titled "JHIM-TG" Intro clip at link:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCjvl3QWhVIRJj5nGWUXb7lw>



David W. Tubman
Author-Self Publisher